THE

LIFE

OF THAT

Incomparable PRINCESS,

MARY,

OUR LATE

Sovereign Lady,

Of ever Bleſſed Memory.

Who departed this Life, at her Royal Pallace at *Kenſington*, the 28*th* of *December*, 1694.

LONDON,

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TO THE

Right Honourable

THE

COUNTESS

OF

DARBY.

Madam,

AS *the Memory of ſo dear a* Royal Miſtriſs, *Your own more particular, and the World's no leſs* Univerſal Loſs, *is that moſt ſacred* Amulet *that You wear neareſt*

your heart; ſo every Pourtrait *of that* divine Original, *tho' never ſo faint an Eſſay, carries ſome pretenſion to your Ladyſhips favourable Acceptance.*

I confeſs, indeed the weakneſs and unworthineſs of my own attempting Hand in ſo bold an Undertaking: And to excuſe my Bluſhes, could only wiſh that the World would as eaſily pardon the Intruſion of ſo poor a Pen, into

to the hallow'd Memoirs *of that* Most Excellent Princess's LIFE; *as her* Funeral State *will do the poorest melting Eye and bending Knee that shall approach there: 'Tis but the same Attractions that must inspire all Pens to be her* Historians, *as it makes all Knees her* Homagers.

But not to make my own want of Deserts a bar to your Ladiships good Graces, towards this

duteous Offering *I make You, I muſt only remind You, That* Medals *are ſtampt in Copper as well as Gold, whilſt the* Royal Effigies *both values and illuſtrates, at once, the meaneſs of the* Lineaments *that draw it, and the Courſeneſs of the* Mettal *that bears it: And therefore 'tis from that Merit alone that I preſume to make your Ladiſhip this Preſentation; whilſt my endeavours however ſhort*

of

of performance, in delineating the unexampled Virtues of that more than Royal *that* Heavenly Life, *the great* Theme *before me, may in ſome meaſure be a venial Fault, for all Hands muſt be ambitious to ſtrow Flowers upon that* Grave.

But whilſt ſo large a portion of thoſe Royal Smiles, that have ſo kindly and ſo warmly ſhined on her moſt Darling Favourite, *the* Counteſs *of*

DARBY, *have ſo juſtly entituled You to this* Dedication, *I need not look back either to your Illuſtrious* Deſcent *or* Alliance, *thoſe great Names of* Ormond *and* Darby, *to blazon the* Worth *of ſo truly Honourable a Patroneſs: Your Ladiſhip has thoſe later Records, the fair Plumes to enrich your* Coronet: *For 'tis ſufficient the World is too ſenſible, That it muſt be ſome extraordinary* Merit

rit *only coud lodge You ſo near that Royal Boſom, a Hand that ever weigh'd where ſhe choſe; whilſt nothing leſs than a very near Affinity to her own Exalted Virtues, coud recommend or Qualify for her Favourite.*

And Madam, your Ladiſhip thus cheriſht, and thus advanced to no leſs an Honour than that of the deareſt Cabinet Confident *of the fair* Majeſty *of* Britain, *a Renown*

that

that must give your Ladiſhip ſo laſting a Name, as ſhall live with Hers: This ſingle Glory of it ſelf alone, is not only a Panegyrick *to your Fame, but likewiſe entitles it to a* Chronicle.

But Madam, as glorious a Record *as ſo fair a Theme muſt furniſh You; however 'tis but a very melancholly One: For in recounting thoſe envied* Bleſſings *You poſſeſt in ſo many Royal Smiles and*

Em-

Embraces, I am the unhappy Remembrancer *of those You have loſt: A Loſs ſo irreparable, and withal ſo heavy, as cannot receive even that common Conſolation of Sorrow, viz.* That to have Companions in Miſery, is ſome Eaſe to the Pain of it. *On the contrary, not all the Thouſand Sharers with You can leſſen this infinite Affliction. Thus whilſt I endeavour to twine your* Laurels, *I wreath*

wreath your Cypreſs *too; for in telling You, That You once was the Deareſt of* Minions, *I only publiſh You the deepeſt of* Mourners.

I ſhall therefore quit this melancholy Subject, being

Madam,

Your Ladyſhips

Moſt humble

and moſt dutiful

Servant,

THE LIFE OF THAT Incomparable PRINCESS, MARY, OUR LATE *Sovereign Lady*, &c.

A *White-Hall*-Scaffold, and a Royal Martyrdom, with all the dreadful Effects of that hideous and unnatural Regicide, hung so louring over the *English* Heads, that all the Horrours and Calamities of a Twelve Years Anarchy and Confusion,

were but too juſtly our ſucceeding Portion. Here the whole Royalty of *England* groaned under a total Eclipſe, whilſt ſo many upſtart Changes of Government, all like the Births of *Nile*, every Year new Monſters, ſo polluted and defiled the Throne, that under their Barbarous Uſurpation all Honour, Honeſty and Conſcience ſeemed to have wholly abandoned and forſaken us, excepting this one ſingle ſurviving Juſtice, *viz.* That Vipers bred Vipers, Stings for their own Hearts; and Traytors betrayed Traytors, the natural, and indeed only honeſt Gratitude of Villany.

After this long melancholy Face of Affairs, whether the Divine Juſtice had ſatisfied it ſelf with that ſhort Twelve Years Scourge, or rather its more gracious Mercy with-held the pouring any farther Vials upon us; ſo it pleaſed the Almighty Providence, that by a Revolution wholly made up of Wonders, and by a Hand entirely his own, the Royal Exiles were re-called; whilſt the whole ecchoing Nation ſtrewed the Palms and Olaves, and tuned

ned the *Hoſannah's* for their Reception, whilſt ſuch a Glut of popular Tranſport and Extacy attended their glorious Reſtauration, that Triumphal Arches were but faint Monuments of thoſe Joys that roſe higher than Pinnacles and Pyramids.

The Royal Brothers, the Illuſtrious Remains of the Great Martyr, the now happy, though late Darlings of Providence, had all the Homage that Hearts or Knees could yield them, whilſt our whole induſtrious and even ſtudied Loyalty, by a kind of common Rivalſhip and Emulation, who ſhould kneel longeſt, or bend loweſt, could not pay faſt enough our new and chearful Tenders of Zeal and Veneration, towards making (if poſſible) ſome part of a Reparation for our old ſhameful Arrears. In fine, All Things ſhined and dazled round us; ſo heartily did the Fair and Smiling *SIXTY* endeavour the Atonement of the Black and ſaeful *FORTY EIGHT*. 'Tis true, the Univerſal Joy was ſoon after clouded by the Death of *Henry* Duke of *Glouceſter*, who, a ſhort Sharer of his Brother's

Triumphs, and the People's Love, made his much lamented *Tranſit* to Immortality on the 13th of *September*, 1660.

After the moſt ſplendid and dazling Entry, and no leſs magnificent Coronation of King *Charles* the Second; the publick Satisfaction, not wholly founded in the preſent Felicities and Bleſſings they enjoyed, had yet farther Vows to offer up to Heaven; *viz.* For a fair Race of Heirs from this Illuſtrious Royal Stock, that glorious Succeſſion that might fill the Throne for ever, and bleſs even lateſt Poſterity, as the entire Conſummation of the whole *Engliſh* Happineſs.

But in all our Deſires of this laſt Satisfaction, the unfortunate Barrenneſs of His Majeſty's Royal Conſort, our now Gracious Queen Dowager, in a ſhort Time ſhut out our Expectation, and render'd our Prayers ſucceleſs on that ſide: Inſomuch that the whole Nation's Hopes were now entirely center'd in the more fruitful, and ſo more happy Second Royal Line, the Lineage of His Royal Highneſs the Duke of *York*.

Acccor-

Accordingly, on the 30th of *April*, in the Year 1662. Providence was pleaſed to bleſs this longing Nation with the Auſpicious Birth of a young Princeſs, *MARY*, our preſent ſacred Theme, His Royal Highneſs's Firſt-born; the Father's Joy, and the ample Reward of a Mother's grateful Pain. This Illuſtrious Cradle, and Sacred Nurſery, in very few Years after, (the not long Life of her Royal Mother,) was enriched by the fair Increaſe of three Royal Brothers, Dukes of *Cambridge* and *Kendal*, and two more Siſters, *Anne* and *Henrietta*. But of all this Royal Progeny, the Great Diſpenſer thought fit, by a too haſty Call of the others too early Setting Infancy, to leave us the only Pledges of ſmiling Heaven in the two Princely Siſters, *Mary* and *Anne*.

She was Born at the Royal Pallace of St. *James*'s, at *Weſtminſter*: At her Baptiſm ſhe had for God-Father, Prince *Rupert*, and her God-mothers were the Dutcheſs of *Buckingham* and Dutcheſs of *Ormond*.

And now to commence the Hiſtory of her Life, from her firſt Seal of Chriſtianity: Her Godfathers and Godmothers ſtood very eaſie Guarrantees for their fair Charge, whilſt their Vows and Promiſes made for her at the Font were ſo early anſwered and performed on her Part, that even her firſt Dawn of Reaſon and Diſcretion were enlightned with all the moſt forward Beams of Heaven. The Divine Inſtructions, even in her budding Infancy, were received with ſo ſenſible an Afffection and Delight, that the Principles of Religion were never planted in a more fruitful, or more hopeful Soil.

As her Years and her Vertues grew up together, and every Heavenly Grace, her ever improving Ornaments, ſhined daily brighter and brighter; the Almighty Juſtice, to have her whole univerſal Perfections equally matched, took Care that the Casket ſhould be no ways unworthy of the rich and ample Treaſure it held. For, without the leaſt Shadow of Flattery, ſuch lovely Sweetneſs, an Air ſo entirely charming,

ing, and a Form made up of every Thing that both to the Poet and Painter might ſit for an Original, were ſo wholly her own, that never more perſonal Advantages appeared, than in this young and truly beautiful Princeſs.

To all theſe, ſhe had a Wit ſo lively, and ſo penetrating, and conſequently a Converſation entirely grateful to thoſe who had the Honour to enjoy it: For, withall, ſhe had that natural Goodneſs, Condeſcention and Affability, (Graces that Wit is not always accompanied with) which opened that Freedom to an ingenious Converſation; as if ſhe reſolved to bleſs where ſhe favoured, not ſatisfied to be the Miſtreſs ſo many Excellencies, only for a diſtant Admiration.

But as if all theſe admirable Qualifications were not enough to compleat a Maſter-piece; for one yet finiſhing-ſtroke more, ſhe had all the Addition of Education to embelliſh her natural Accompliſhments. She carried the Glory as well at the *Ball* and the

Maſque, as in the *Preſence* and the *Drawing-Room*; and ſhe was that abſolute *Miſtriſs* of the *French Tongue*, that her *French* Tutor, the famous *Peter de Laine* gives her this Character, That ſhe had all thoſe excellent Endowments, which not only himſelf, but all that had been honoured with any inſtrumental ſhare in her Princely Education, had ſo fortunately found in her, to the preventing both of their Endeavours and Expectations. That Aptitude of Nature, quickneſs of Apprehenſion, Faithfulneſs of Memory, and obliging Readineſs to comply with whatever good inſtructions were ſet before her, that theſe, and a thouſand more were certainly Born and Bred up with her, and now arrived to that height of Perfection ſhe had attained. And all this fair Character ſo far from falſe Incenſe and Flattery; that in the moſt ſacred Truth, her Highneſs was the moſt Accompliſht, not only of Princeſſes, but of her Sex; and among all thoſe Epithetes of *Great*, of *Beautiful*, or *Witty*; above that Auguſt Air, that Majeſtick Preſence, which inſpired us at the firſt ſight with the higheſt Senſe of Reſpect and

Vene-

Veneration: She poſſeſt, and that in a moſt eminent Degree, a Virtue, which ſhe valued ſo much the more, as that it out-ſhined and tranſcended all the reſt.

Having arrived at the Age of about Fifteen, with all this fair Train of Attendants waiting her thither, with all Eyes upon her, and indeed all Knees before her; her Attractions had ſtill a larger Influence, and more ſpacious Field than three narrow Kingdoms only could afford her, whilſt the Fame alone of ſuch tranſcendent Merits, were ſufficient to inſpire a warmer Devotion in Foreign Princely Homagers, than that of her humbler Vaſſals at home.

Of theſe, the Illuſtrious *WILLIAM*, Prince of *Orange*, our now Gracious Soveraign, reſolved to be her boldeſt Addreſſor; for having Communicated his Intentions to Sir *William Temple*, his Majeſty of *Great Britain*'s then Ambaſſador at the *Hague*, whom the Prince ſo far honoured, as to make him a Counſellor and Confident in this Affair,

the Prince was ſo frank as to expreſs his whole Sentiments of Marriage in this kind, *viz.* "*That the greateſt Thing* " *he conſidered, were the Perſon and Diſ-* " *poſition of the young Lady: For though* " *it would not paſs in the World, for a* " *Prince to ſeem concerned in thoſe Parti-* " *culars; yet for himſelf, without Affe-* " *ctation, he declared, that he was ſo;* " *and in ſuch a degeee, that no Circum-* " *ſtances of Fortune or Intereſt could En-* " *gage him, without thoſe of the Perſon,* " *eſpecially thoſe of Humour and Diſpoſi-* " *tions. That he might perhaps be not ve-* " *ry eaſy for a Wife to live with; he was* " *ſure he ſhould not be ſo to ſuch Wives,* " *as were generally in the Courts of this* " *Age. That if he ſhould meet with one* " *to give him Trouble at Home, 'twas what* " *he ſhould not be able to bear, who was* " *like to have enough Abroad in the Courſe* " *of his Life: And that after the manner* " *he was reſolved to live with a Wife,* " *which ſhould be the beſt he could, he would* " *have one that he thought likely to live* " *well with him, which he thought chiefly* " *depended upon their Diſpoſition and Edu-* " *cation.*

Here

Here we ſee the rich Cabinet of a fair Soul unlockt; and whilſt the Prince publiſhes ſo worthy, ſo generous, and glorious a Declaration, of what a faithful and good Husband he intended to make himſelf, and conſequently what equal and ſuitable Returns he expected from a Wife; 'twas from his entire Satisfaction that all thoſe great, and indeed only honourable, Ends of Marriage would be fully anſwered in the Perſon of the Princeſs; that of the whole Choice of *Europe*, (for ſeveral Offers in *Germany* had already been made him) he had fixt his Thoughts only on the Daughter of *England*, the fair Mark of his Ambition, where he was confident the higheſt Expectation of all the fore-mentioned Qualifications of a Wife would be amply gratified.

In his proſecution of ſo honourable a Deſign, as the Prince propoſed to himſelf ſome higher Felicities than in the generality of Marriages of Princes, ſo he reſolved likewiſe not to follow the general Practiſes of Courting by Envoys

Envoys and Proxies, too common on ſuch Occaſions; but, if I may ſo ſay, to be his own Ambaſſador on this Subject, and make his own perſonal Addreſſes to the Princeſs. And accordingly, having ſmooth'd his Way by ſome Letters to beg Leave to viſit *England*, upon their favourable Anſwer received, he prepared to ſet forth accordingly.

Upon the Prince's intended Voyage for *England*, eighteen Deputies, with the Penſionary *Fagel* at the head of them, in the Name of the Nobles, and the reſpective Towns of *Holland*, Complemented his Highneſs with their Wiſhes of his good Voyage, as all the Members of the States of *Holland* did the like; and the next Morning, when his Highneſs took Leave of the *States General*, he received the Complements of the ſeveral Colleges by formal Deputations, and of all the foreign Miniſters there, and then Embarkt on the Yatches and Men of War that attended him in the *Maeſe*, accompanied by many Perſons of Quality, and Gentlemen of Note, to the number of above Forty.

On

On the Morrow being *Tueſday*, the 9th. of *October*, 1677. His Highneſs, with all this honourable Attendance, the King and Duke at that time being at *New-Market*, whither his Highneſs and his Retinue, in his Majeſty's Coaches arrived about Seven in the Evening, was received by his Majeſty with all the Marks of Tenderneſs and Affection. On the *Thurſday* following, the Prince, and all the Perſons of Quality that came over with him, were honoured with his Majeſty's and his Royal Highneſs's Company to my Lord Chamberlan's Houſe at *Euſton*, where they were nobly Entertained, and lay that Night, and the next Morning returned to *New-Market*; and on *Saturday*, with the King, and the whole Court, his Highneſs came to *Whitehall*.

But not to dwell upon Ceremony and State, the Careſſes and Reception he met here, let it ſuffice, that his Highneſs having not only proved a ſucceſsful Lover in his own perſonal Addreſſes to the Princeſs, but likewiſe a prevailing Oratour with his Majeſty, the

the *Royal Aſſent* was obtained, and accordingly his Majeſty was pleaſed, on the 24th. of *October*, to declare to the Lords of his Privy Council, (whom he had cauſed to meet extraordinary for that purpoſe) that his Majeſty had concluded a Marriage between her Highneſs the Lady *Mary*, and his Highneſs the Prince of *Orange*; upon which their Lordſhips, about Three in the Afternoon, went in a Body, to make their Complements to her Highneſs, and afterwards to the Prince. The News of which being ſpread in the Town, was followed at night with Bone-fires, Ringing of Bells, and all the other Demonſtrations of Joy. And the ſame Day the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen of *London*, went to preform their humble Congratulations, by the Mouth of their Recorder, to his Majeſty, and his Royal Highneſs, and afterwards to the Princeſs and Prince on ſo happy an Occaſion.

On the 29th. of *October* following, their Majeſties, accompanied with his Royal Highneſs, their Highneſſes the Lady *Mary*, and the Lady *Anne*, and his High-

Highneſs the *Prince* of *Orange*, attended by a great many of the principal Nobility, and other Perſons of Quality, having been pleaſed, upon the humble Invitation of the City, to honour them with their Preſence, firſt at the Show in *Cheapſide*, (it being that Day, the Entrance of Sir *Francis Chaplin* to the Mayoralty) where placed in a Balcony under a Canopy of State, at the Houſe of Sir *Edward Waldo* (upon whom his Majeſty was then pleaſed to conferr the Honour of Knighthood) and afterwards at the *Guild-hall* at Dinner, where the Entertainment was very Noble and Magnificent, his Majeſty being highly pleaſed with thoſe great Demonſtrations of Duty and Affection, with which the City received the Honour of this Royal Preſence at this Day's Solemnity.

This Declaration of the Princeſs's Marriage was ſo gratefully, and indeed ſo Univerſally received, that particularly in *Scotland*, his Grace the Duke of *Lauderdale*, Lord Preſident of his Majeſty's moſt Honourable Privy Council of that Kingdom, appointed a Meeting of

of ſuch of the Lords of the Council as were in and near the City of *Edinburgh*, (having in the mean time given Notice thereof to the Magiſtrates) to acquaint them with it, to the end ſuch Reſolutions as the ſhortneſs of the time would permit might be taken, for expreſſing their extraordinary Joy on this happy Occaſion; and having at their Meeting ordered a Congratulatory Letter to be prepared to be ſent to his Majeſty, on the 30th. of *October* at Four in the Afternoon, his Grace accompanied by the Lords of the Council, and the reſt of the Nobility then in Town, came from the Pallace in their Coaches to the chief Gate of the City, where they were met by the Lord *Provoſt* and Bayliffs in their Scarlet Robes, and the Town Council in their Gowns, with the Sword and Mace carried before them, followed by a Guard of *Partiſans*, through which (with Trumpets ſounding and Drums beating) they walked all on Foot to the Croſs hung with Tapeſtry (whereupon was placed an Arbour hung with many hundreds of Oranges) which his Grace and the Lord *Provoſt* aſcending, with as many

of

of the Nobility as it could hold, (the reſt of the Magiſtrates, with the other perſons of Quality, placing themſelves upon a Stage erected before the Croſs for that purpoſe) they drank the *Good Healths* of their Highneſſes the Prince and Princeſs, next of their Royal Highneſſes the Duke and Dutcheſs, then the Queen's, and laſt of all his Majeſty's Health, during which the Cannon plaid from the Caſtle, all the Conduits upon the Croſs ran Wine in great abundance, and many Voiders of Sweetmeats were thrown among the people, who were filled with a general Joy ſince they firſt heard they happy News, which then was expreſt by their loud and frequent Acclamations. After which, the Bonefires being kindled, and the Bells ringing, his Grace and the Nobility retired to their Lodgings, leaving the Magiſtrates, who at Eight of the Clock at Night went down to the great Bonefire that was in the outward Court of the Pallace, where his Grace, and many of the Nobility that were to ſup with him, met them, and drank the Healths again. And were the next Day invited to Dine with his

Grace

Grace in an Apartment of the Pallace, where with the Nobility and Ladies, the Clergy, the Judges, and all the Gentlemen of Quality, they were ſplendidly entertained by His Grace.

To compleat the mutual Felicities of this happy Royal Pair, on *Sunday* the 4th of *November* their Marriage was privately ſolemnized at St. *James's*, by the Biſhop of *London*, in the preſence of His Majeſty, Their Royal Highneſſes, and ſome of the chiefeſt of the Nobility. It was remarkable, that when the Biſhop came to theſe Words of Form, *Who gives this Woman?* That His Majeſty anſwered, *I do.* Upon which, Their Majeſties, Their Royal Highneſſes, and Their Highneſſes received the Complements and Congratulations of the Ambaſſadors of the States General of the *United Provinces*, and of the other Foreign Miniſters reſiding in the Court. And the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen the next Morning made likewiſe their dutiful Congratulations.

'Twas

'Twas the 5th of *November* before the News of His Majesty's Intentions of the Marriage arrived at *Dublin*: And the First of *December* before the Consummation was published there; which filled the Place with that extraordinary Joy, that on *Monday* the Third of *December*, His Grace the Duke of *Ormond*, Lord Lieutenant of that Kingdom, and all the Nobility and Gentry in Town, met in great Splendour at the Play, where there pass'd a general Invitation of all the Company to spend that Evening at the Castle. And whilst the Streets were every where filled with Bone-fires, the Bells ringing, and all the Great Guns of the City firing round; at the Castle was a very splendid Ball, and in the Long Gallery a magnificent Banquet prepared for the whole Company; who parted not till Two a Clock in the Morning.

The Prince and Princess were now preparing for their Departure for *Holland*; during their whole Stay in *England* having been highly caressed by the whole Court and Kingdom. The Prince

Prince had the particular Honour to ſtand Partner with His Majeſty, as Godfathers, together with the Lady *Iſabella*, repreſented by her Governeſs the Lady *Villers*, to a young Brother; Her Royal Highneſs, on the 7th of *November*, being brought to Bed of a young Prince, Chriſtned by the Biſhop of *Durham*, by the Name of *Charles*.

On the 19th of *November*, about Nine in the Morning, Their Highneſſes parted from *White-Hall*, in order to their Embarking on the Yatchts appointed to tranſport them for *Holland*; His Majeſty and His Royal Highneſs being pleaſed to accompany them as far as *Erith*, where Their Highneſſes went on Board; but being ſeveral Days detained by contrary Winds, they arrived not in *Holland* till the 29th.

I ſhall here beg my Reader's Pardon for this ſhort Digreſſion from our Hiſtory, by reciting an ingenious Poem, by *Nat. Lee*, on this memorable Occaſion.

To

To the Prince and Princeſs of *Orange*, upon their Marriage.

HAil, happy Warriar! hail! whoſe Arms have won
The faireſt Jewel in the Engliſh *Crown.*
Happy in famous Dangers in the Field,
Happy in Courts which brighteſt Beauties *yield.*
Oh Prince! whoſe Soul is known ſo juſtly great,
As if that Heav'n took Leiſure to create;
Firſt, the rich Oar refin'd, then did allay,
Stampt thee his own, not ſhuffl'd thee away.
With wonder thus we all thy temper prize,
Not but th'art bold and brave, as thou art wiſe.
Like the cool Engliſh, *who approach their Fate*
With awe, and gravely firſt with Death debate.
They kindle ſlowly, but when once on fire,
Burn on, and in the blaze of Fame expire.

Hail

Hail Princeſs! hail! thou faireſt of thy Kind!
Thou ſhape of Angels, with an Angel's Mind!
Whoſe Vertues ſhine, but ſo as to be born,
Clear as the Sun, and gentle as the Morn.
Whoſe brighter Eyes like lambent Glories move,
And ev'ry Glance moves like a Dart of Love.
How well, O Prince, how nobly haſt thou fought,
Since to thy Arms the Fates ſuch Beauty *brought.*
Methinks I hear thee in thy Nuptial Bed,
When o're the Royal Maid thy Arms were ſpread.

Enough, kind Heaven, well was my Sword employ'd,
Since all the Bliſs Earth holds ſhall be enjoy'd.
Pains I remember now with vaſt delight,
Well have I brav'd the thund'ring French *in fight,*
My Hazards now are Gains, and if my Blood
In Battel mix and raiſe the vulgar Flood,

Her

Her Tears (for ſure ſhe'll be ſo good to mourn)
Like Balm, *ſhall heal the Wounds when I return.*

But hark, 'tis rumour'd that this happy Pair
Muſt go; the Prince for Holland *does declare,*
Call'd to the Buſineſs of Important War.
Go then, if thy Departure be agreed;
Your Friends muſt weep, your Enemies ſhall bleed.

And if in Poets Minds, thoſe vaſter Souls,
Where all at once the vaſt Creation rouls,
To whom the Warrior is as much oblig'd,
As to Relievers Towns that are beſieg'd.
(For Death would to their Acts an end afford,
Did not Immortal Verſe out-do the Sword)
If ought of Propheſie their Souls inſpire,
And if their fury gives a ſolid Fire,
Soft ſhall the Waſtage be, the Seas and Wind,
Calm as the Prince, and as the Princeſs kind
The World, why ſhould not Dreams of Poets take

As

As well as Prophets who but Dream awake?
I ſaw them launch, the Prince the Princeſs bore,
While the ſad Court ſtood crowding on the Shoar,
The Prince ſtill bowing on the Deck did ſtand,
And held his weeping Princeſs by the hand.
Which waving oft, ſhe bid them all farewell,
And wept as if ſhe wou'd the Ocean ſwell.

Farewel! thou beſt of Fathers, beſt of Friends!
While the mov'd Duke, with a heav'd Sigh commends,
To Heav'n the Care; in Tears his Eyes wou'd ſwim,
But Manly Vertue binds them to the brim.
Farewel (ſhe cry'd) my Siſter, thou dear part
Thou ſweeteſt half, of my divided Heart.
To whom I all my Secrets did unfold,
Dear Casket! who did all my Treaſures hold,
My little Love! her Sighs ſhe did renew,
Once more (oh Heavens) a long and laſt adieu!
Part! muſt I ever loſe thoſe pretty Charms?
Then ſwoons, and ſinks into the Prince's Arms.
The Court beheld, and wept.

Streigh

Streight from their Griefs the pompous Navy *fled*
So fast, as if our Sighs increas'd their speed.
When of a sudden, from the Reedy Court,
The Tritons *all with their griev'd God resort;*
In Troops upon the wandring Waves they glide,
And round their lifted Lord in Triumph ride.
At their first Call the singing Mermaids *come,*
While the crown'd Dolphins *lash the silver Foam.*

Thus waited, the glad Prince beheld from far
The Belgick *Shoar, and heard the sound of War.*
Some Hand unseen Heav'ns Azure *Curtains drew,*
To make a mighty Triumph Great and New;
A thousand golden Heads peep'd forth to view.

Cries, Shouts, and clapping Hands, all Extaſie,
An hundred Cannons thundred to the Skie:
The Thunder anſwering did my Dream de-
ſtroy,
And wak'd me from the Viſionary Joy.

It was with great Satisfaction, that having with ſo much impatience expected the Arrival of their Highneſſes, that the News was received at the *Hague*, that their Highneſſes who ſailed before in his Majeſty's Yatchts from *Margate*, attended by ſeveral *Engliſh*, as well as *Dutch* Men of War, were ſafely landed at a Village called *Terihyde*, the Ice hindring their Entrance into the *Maeſe*, and from thence went directly to *Honſlaerdyke*, whither the *States General* immediately ſent their *Hoff Maeſter* the Sieur *Dinter*, to Complement their Highneſſes, and to know of them when it would be ſeaſonable to repeat the ſame in a formal Manner, by a ſolemn Deputation out of their Body, as well from the Council of State, as the other ſupreme Colleges.

On

On *Monday* the 14th. of *December*, their Highneſſes made their *Publick Entry* into the *Hague*, with more than ordinary Magnificence. For beſides that the Twelve Companies of Burghers were in Arms, drawn up under their diſtinct Enſigns, the Bridge of the *Hague* was adorned with green *Garlands*, under which were written theſe Words,

UXORI ET BATAVIS VIVAT NASSOVIUS HECTOR,

AURIACO ET PATRIÆ VIVAT BRITANNICA PRINCEPS.

Thus rendred in Engliſh.

Live ſacred Worthy, *bleſt in that rich Bed,*
At once thy MARY *and thy* Belgia *wed.*
And long long live thy fair Britannick *Bride,*
Her Orange, *and her Country's equal pride.*

Having paſt the Bridge, they were met by four and twenty Virgins, that

walked two by two on each ſide their Highneſſes Coach, ſinging and ſtrewing green Herbs all the way. When their Highneſſes came before the Town-Houſe, they paſt through a Triumphal Arch adorned with *Foliage* and *Groteſco* Work, with the Arms of both their Highneſſes, and over them two Hands clap'd together with this Motto,

AURIACI HIS THALAMIS BATAVIS DOS REGIA PAX EST.

Thus rendred in Engliſh.

What Halcyon *Ayrs this Royal* Hymen *ſings!*
The Olive-branch of Peace *her Dowr ſhe brings.*

From whence croſſing over the Market-place into the *Hoogſtraet*, another Triumphal Arch ſtood ready to receive them, with theſe Words,

INGREDERE AUSPICIIS BATAVIS FOELICIBUS AULAM.

Thus

Thus rendred in Engliſh.

To the Batavian *Court with Heavens beſt ſmile,*
Approach fair Gueſt, and bleſt this happy Pile.

In the Evening they were entertained with a preparation of Fire-Works, in which were repreſented ſeveral Figures, as that of a Drake, a Lion, a St. *George* on Horſe back, Fountains, Pyramids, Flower-Pots, Caſtles, Triumphal Chariots, and *Jupiter* and *Mars* as deſcending out of the Air, *&c.* And in all the Streets were a great number of pitch Barrels, provided for the ſeveral lofty piles of Bonefires prepared for the Solemnity of the Day, which ended in Rejoicing and Feaſting, and all other Teſtimonies of the Univerſal Joy. The next day the Heer *Van Ghent*, the Heer *Werchendam*, the Heer *Steeſn*, the Heer *Odyke*, the Heer *Kenſwcude*, the Heer *Bootſma*, and others, Complemented their Highneſſes in the Name of the *States General*, which Complement was ſoon after performed by the *States* in Body.

This Marriage thus concluded to the univerſal Satisfaction of the Kingdom, 'tis worth our Conſideration to examine the chief Movements in an Affair of this Importance. Of all the Court Sollicitors in the Prince's behalf, the then Lord Treaſurer, his Grace the now Duke of *Leeds*, was one of the chief and moſt prevailing Orators. That worthy Patriot, poſſibly one of the faireſt *Phoſphors* to our preſent Riſing Sun; was ever an indefatigable Zealot for the *Engliſh* true Intereſt and Honour, and the Proteſtant Religion; and conſequently amongſt his many memorable Services, muſt not a little glory in being inſtrumental in ſo auſpicious an Alliance. To this the King's particular Eſteem and Reſpects for the Perſon of the Prince, not a little contributed; when, as Sir *William Temple* tells us in his Memoirs, his Majeſty was pleaſed to expreſs his Opinion of the Prince in theſe Words. "*I never yet was deceived* "*in judging of a Man's Honeſty by his Looks*, "(of which he gave ſome Examples) "*and if I am not deceived in the Prince's* "*face, he is the honeſteſt Man in the World*, "*and*

"*and therefore I will truſt him: He ſhall* "*have her*, &c. But in truth, above all other Arguments, the then growing Jealouſies of the Parliament carried the Cauſe: For at that time 'twas highly adviſeable for huſhing the Quiet of the Nation, that the Eldeſt-Daughter of the Crown ſhould ſleep in Proteſtant Arms. Whilſt in reality the Conceſſion was rather more for the People's, than the Prince's Gratification: A Conceſſion, in which the King poſſibly acted with a Reſolution more than ordinary, as being contrary to the General Conduct and Meaſures of that Reign, as where neither the Duke nor the *French* Ambaſſador were called to the Conſult; the firſt being much ſurprized when he received the King's Command for his Concurrence and Conſent in the Matter, and the latter not a little diſguſted, as not knowing how he ſhould Anſwer it to his Maſter, That an Affair of that Importance ſhould paſs without his Communication, much leſs Advice, in a Court where nothing before had done ſo, for many Years.

But for a more particular Inquiry into her Father's Inclination in the Buſineſs of this Match, I ſhall only quote Mr. Secretary *Coleman*'s long Letter to Father *La Chaiſe*, the *French* King's Confeſſor, where he tells him, "*That to* "*propoſe the Lady* Mary, *Eldeſt Daughter* "*to his* Royal Highneſs, *in a Match for* "*the Prince of* Orange, *was not only* "*without the Conſent, but againſt the good* "*Liking of his Royal Highneſs, inſomuch* "*that they muſt Excuſe him with this Di-* "*ſtinction: That the ſaid Lady was not to* "*be looked upon as the Duke's Daughter,* "*but as the Kings, and a Child of the State,* "*and ſo the Duke's Conſent not to be much* "*conſidered in the Diſpoſal of her, but the* "*Intereſt only of State.*"

Nay, this Marriage of the Duke's Daughter, and the Proteſtant Prince of *Orange*, was a Matter of that Weight and Moment, as wanted no leſs than an Excuſatory Epiſtle ſent as far as *Rome*. "*His Royal Highneſs*" (as the Secretary "tells us in another of his papers) "*having ſent a Letter to the Pope on that* "*Subject, which he tells us was deliver-*

ed

"ed, *and that the Pope remained ſatisfied,* "*that the Duke was in no Fault.* But whatever Apology was wanting on this Occaſion, how uneaſy a Gueſt ſoever his Royal Highneſs had been, at this unreliſht Marriage Feaſt, nevertheleſs I may juſtly ſay, how ſtrong ſoever his own private Averſion might be, yet ſtill even himſelf was ſo far highly Inſtrumental towards the making this Alliance, that his own Conduct contracted the Neceſſity of it, and that *Neceſſity* in reality was the ſtrongeſt Hinge it moved on.

Upon this Match of the preſumptive Heireſs of *England* with the Prince of *Orange*, ever, even from his Infancy, ſo jealous and vigorous a Zealot for the Common Intereſt of *Chriſtendom*, in oppoſition to the then formidable Growth and too aſpiring Ambition of *France*, the Expectations of *Europe* had now, in all Reaſon and probability, the very fair Hopes of ſome ſpeedy Alteration of Councils, and change of Meaſures, towards the Diſſolving, or at leaſt ſlackning, the too ſtrong, and I may ſay too fatal, I am certain, too inglorious Links

and Ties of *England* and *France*; of having I ſay, at leaſt ſome leading Influence towards awakning the Lethargy of the Crown of *England*, which with ſo long, and no leſs ſhameful Eaſineſs (to give it no harder a Name)

Hinc illæ Lachrymæ—

had hitherto in every point, ſo highly contributed to the whole Grandeur of that incroaching Monarch, as to lend a Helping-hand even to the very Foundation of it. All this might reaſonably have been expected from this Marriage, had Providence thought us worthy of ſuch Bleſſings, at leaſt at that Seaſon, whatever later Bleſſings it had in ſtore for us.

On the contrary, notwithſtanding the forementioned Magnificent Reception of the Prince and Princeſs by the whole *States* of *Holland*, ſo Welcomed and Careſſed, even to a Torrent of Joys amongſt them; nevertheleſs there wanted not thoſe Engines of *France*, who in a very few Months after ſo turned the Tide, as to poiſon the whole Univerſal Faith of *Holland* with thoſe Jealouſies of the Prince's Match, *viz.* That the

the Prince inſtead of bringing the *Engliſh* Court over to His and Their Intereſt by his Alliance, had on the contrary, himſelf been lured and drawn into the *Engliſh* Intereſt and Party by it; nay, and not only ſo, but through his own private Ambition and the *Engliſh* Encouragement, had upon the Foundation of this Match, formed ſome aſpiring Deſigns, even upon *Holland* it ſelf. Inſomuch, that inſtead of their former Hopes of having ſtrengthned the Prince's Arm in their Cauſe by this Alliance, it was the general popular Fear, that they had rather loſt a Champion by it, than gained one.

Whilſt the injured Prince's Glory was ſhaded by all thoſe falſe and villanous Imputations, it was at this time, and partly through theſe Jealouſies, that the Peace at *Nimeguen* was ſhuffled together, ſo diſhonourable to *England*, and ſo pernicious to the *Confederacy*. Inſomuch, that this Match of the Princeſs, that was thought to have given ſo great a Blow to *France*, was by Dint of Conduct and Management turned wholly to the *French* Advantage. Thus

far

ſar indeed this March was for the *French* Advantage; the *Deſtined* Hour was not yet come for the Prince of *Orange* to ſtand up the Champion of *Chriſtendom*; the over-ruling *Providence* had not yet ſigned him that Commiſſion, being reſerved perhaps for a later Execution; at a Seaſon, when the greater danger and difficulty of the performance ſhall heighten the Glory.

But now to open the new Scene of her Life, her Entry into the Marriage ſtate: Here we have ſo Dazling a proſpect before us, ſo vaſt a Subject both for Praiſes and Admiration, that her very Enemies (if ſuch Goodneſs could have any) muſt join in her *Panegyricks* upon that Theme: For as 'tis in this Feild only, that the *Fair Sex* have their Laurels to gather, ſo never were richer Bridal Chapplets worn than on that Brow; whilſt between thoſe only Pillars of Nuptial Happineſs, *Reſignation* and *Endearment*, the three great *Matrimonial Vows* to *Love*, *Honour* and *Obey*, were engraved in that Tablet ſhe wore next her heart; not (as too often) the light Ceremony of a Bridal Morning,

but

but the conſtant Exerciſe of a Life, her whole Life but one long (to our ſorrow too ſhort) Nuptial Day: Thoſe three *Divine Graces* that ſhined through her whole Deportment and Conduct, I might ſay, with equal Luſtre; unleſs that (like the three Theological Virtues, *Faith*, *Hope* and *Charity*,) the laſt were the Greateſt. For to pay her Memory this ſacred Right, ſhe was that Tenderneſs, that Gentleneſs, that Sweetneſs, that intire Submiſſion and Obedience; that though ſhe had all the Royalty of ſuch high Veins, the Majeſty of ſuch a lovely Perſonage, and the Birth-right to three fair Diadems; yet inſtead of the leaſt *Wedlock Inſult* or Elevation, from Beauty, Honours or Dignities, or any thing the World calls *Great* and *Fair*; on the contrary, they were only ſo many brighter Plumes to enrich and furniſh out the Houſhold Dove.

But this we muſt the leſs wonder at: For to give exalted Virtue its due, *Love* is the faireſt Off-ſpring, where 'tis the Child of Piety: For if there be Eloquence or Harmony in all the Careſſes

ſes of *Faith* and *Affection*, 'tis undoubtedly there where they flow from that Heart and that Tongue that is touch't with an *Altar Cole*. For true Religion and Virtue, not only pull down ſo many Bleſſings from Heaven, as their own fair Reward, upon the honourable Bed of Marriage, but likewiſe bring that ample Dowr of Bleſſings of their own along with them, by enlightening the Soul to the performance of the whole Duties of Marriage, which crown the whole Felicities of it: Love may join Hands and Hearts, but it is Heaven alone that truly ties them.

Nor was the Princeſs enricht only with all the Gifts of Heavenly Grace, to make her the beſt of Wives; but likewiſe all the Gifts of Nature too, to make her ſuch; whilſt the freer Gayety of her Temper, and Fluence of Converſation, in conjunction with the more Reſervedneſs of the Prince, ſo enlivened their Society, and cheered their Embraces, as to make them the Lovingeſt, and thereby the happieſt Pair in the World. In fine, to ſumm her whole Character upon this ſpacious Subject,

Subject: The famous Examples of Antiquity, ſuch as a *Portia*, or a *Camilla*, thoſe old *Roman* Preſidents of the higheſt Nuptial Fidelity, came ſo far ſhort of the more dazling perfections here; by ſo much, as that above that rigid Feminine Honour, their only ſhining Guides, here was that infinite Addition of all the brighter Luminaries of Chriſtianity, a more beauteous and more ſacred Conſtellation, for her leading Lights.

'Tis thus we find her in her narrower Pallace at the *Hague*, with her little *Engliſh* Court about her, either melting in Complacence and Tenderneſs to her ever loved Lord, when at home with her; or elſe wafting her no leſs melting Sighs, Tears and Prayers after him, when expoſed to remoter Toils and Hazards abroad: For in truth, the Prince was never facing of Dangers, or puſhing for Glory, but the Princeſs was as ardently wreſtling of Heaven for his preſervation.

When after the toil of a Campaign, and the fatigues of the Feild, the prevalence

valence of her own prayers, and the Juſtice of his own Cauſe, as the good *Genii* that ſtill hover'd round him, had brought him back to her Arms again, ſhe flew with all the wings of Love to receive him; ever the forwardeſt of the whole Congratulating Train to meet him; and ſo inexpreſſible her Joys and Indearments that welcomed him, that ſtill ſhe had new work for a bended Knee, thoſe yet new Vows to offer up, that her Thanks to Heaven for his Protection were as important a part of her tendreſt Devotion, as the Prayers to implore it.

Though her chief Reſidence and principal Court in *Holland* was at the *Hague*, yet ſhe had ſeveral other Pallaces, the Hereditary Princely Seats of the Houſe of *Orange*, as at *Honſlaerdyke*, *Loo*, *Dieren*, *Hooſdyke*, &c. much in the nature of our *Kenſington*, *Windſor*, *Hampton-Court*, or any other of the Royal Pallaces here in *England*; all which ſhe made uſe of, dividing the Favour of her Royal Preſence amongſt them, at particular Seaſons, for her Country Retirement and Recreation.

But

But in all these places, her whole Entertainment was, in a manner, only under her own Roof. For notwithstanding her natural Goodness, she had all the Condescension and Courteous Disposition imaginable, yet still she owed so much to her own High Birth, that as she lived in a Re-publick, there wanted that high Quality amongst them, worthy a Princes particular Intimacy and Familiarity: insomuch that out of an indispensible point of State, she could neither make Visits abroad nor Confidants; so that, as I said before, her whole Conversation was altogether at home.

But whilst the narrowness of her Court, almost to a Reclusiness and Solitude took from her so great a part of that Grandeur, State and Homage, the usual Attendance of Royal Veins, and which so many transcendent Excellencies of the Princes so highly merited; nevertheless it afforded her those particular Advantages, that repaid that unregretted Loss. For, to her Glory, the Closet and Altar had so much the more

more of her Company, as the Throne had the leſs. The leſs of the Hurry, Crowd and Pomps of Life, it gave her ſo much the fairer Occaſion (an Occaſion always embraced) of more cloſely following the great Original of her own Name, *viz.* *In chooſing the better part.*

However, as much Reſtrained or Reſerved as her own princely Character obliged her to live there, yet ſtill her extraordinary Civility and Careſs to the Burgher-Maſter's Ladies, or any of the more eminent Grandees of State, upon any occaſions of Complement, Viſit or Addreſs made to her, gained her that Veneration and Eſteem amongſt them, that it is almoſt incredible to imagine, how entirely ſhe carried the Hearts of the whole *United Provinces.* The viſible Charms in her Perſon, and no leſs in her Carriage, with her exalted Piety, equally viſible to the whole Eyes of the World, were thoſe Attractions that all joined together to dazle and aſtoniſh, ſuch as obliged them to pay her the moſt

Cordial

Cordial LOVE, HONOUR and RESPECTS.

Beſides for one Contentment ſtill, which extracted a particular ſweetneſs from this Recluſer ſort of Life, ſhe was too paſſionate a Lover of her Dear LORD, even for that ſingle Conſideration alone, to affect a more noiſy or more popular Court. Her Worldly Delights were wholly circled in his Embraces: A Prince ſo worthy of the moſt tender conjugal Affection, as being adorned with ſo many ſurpaſſing Virtues to attract and ſecure that Affection: Of whom a great Miniſter of State, and one who had been long acquainted with his excellent Endowments gives this noble Character.

" *A PRINCE, who joined to the*
" *great Qualities of his Royal Blood,*
" *poſſeſſes all the popular Virtues of*
" *his Country: Silent and Thought-*
" *full: Given to Hear and Enquire:*
" *Of a Sound and Steddy Under-*
" *ſtanding:*

" *ſtanding: Much Firmneſs in what*
" *he once Reſolves, or once Denies:*
" *Great Induſtry and Application to*
" *his Buſineſs: Little to his Plea-*
" *ſure: Piety in the Religion of his*
" *Country, but with Charity to o-*
" *thers: Temperance unuſual to his*
" *Youth, and to the Climate: Fru-*
" *gal in the common Management of*
" *his Fortune, and yet Magnificent*
" *upon Occaſion: Of a great Spirit*
" *and Heart, aſpiring to the Glory*
" *of Military Actions; with ſtrong*
" *Ambition to grow Great, but rather*
" *by the Service than the Servitude of*
" *his Country. In ſhort, a Prince of*
" *many Virtues, without any appear-*
" *ing Mixture of Vice.*

But though the Princeſs in her *Holland* Court, had not thoſe high qualified Gueſts at Home to Welcome: However ſhe had ſometimes the happineſs of more Illuſtrious Royal Viſitants, that came a little farther Abroad to honour her Court: For on *Tueſday*, the Firſt of *October*, 1678. Her Royal Highneſs the Dutcheſs of *York*, and the Princeſs *Anne* began a Journey from *White-hall* to the *Hague*, to viſit the Princeſs of *Orange*: A Viſit ſo extraordinary grateful to her, that ſhe received them with all the higheſt Marks of Reſpect and Affection, and with all the Entertainment ſuitable. Particularly the Tranſports of Careſſes and Endearments between the two Princely Siſters was inexpreſſible: But the Felicity the Princeſs enjoyed was no laſting Bleſſing, for they made but a ſhort ſtay there, whilſt the parting of the two Princeſſes, was little leſs than a Divorce between them; ſo fond and tender a Love and Friendſhip had linked their Hearts.

No:

Not long after, Providence was pleaſed to ſend her another Royal, though then unexpected, Viſitant more. For in *February*, $167\frac{8}{9}$. at that time, when the prophetick Fears of *England*, from the Duke's ſuſpected Inclinations and Adherence to the *Romiſh* Faith and Intereſt (for hitherto they were only ſuſpicions) had made that Ferment in the *Engliſh* Blood, that the Nation's pulſe beat high; his protecting Royal Brother his conſtant Sheild againſt the Aſſault of Fortune, had ſent him over, with his Dutcheſs and Family, to the *Hague*; in hopes, that Diſtance and Abſence, the common Cure of Jealouſie might at leaſt have wrought that Medicinal Operation, as, in ſome meaſure, to allay the Ferment, and cool the then too threatning Heats againſt him. But whatever this Expedient might work towards the End deſired, the Duke found an extraordinary and affectionate Reception from the true filial Duty of the Princeſs, and a very hoſpitable Roof from the generous Prince, whilſt the Princeſs melted into all the tendreſt Condolance and Pity

on

on the mournful Occaſion of his Viſit there. 'Tis true, the *Belgian* Populace gave him but a colder Welcome; and, to ſay truth, afforded him very little more Civility, than the Herd does the wounded Deer: An ungrateful Remembrance of the too long and too warm Zeal of the Crown of *England*, for the Intereſt of theirs, and the common Enemy, the *French*; together with an unhappy Surmize and Reflection that a great part of the Malignancy of that raigning *Engliſh* Diſeaſe was influenced, by his Royal Highneſs's Sway and Steerage at the *Engliſh* Helm: Thoſe unlucky Suggeſtions ſhrunk them into thoſe languid and faint Embraces to this Royal Gueſt amongſt them, though ſo nearly related to their darling Princeſs, that the Duke not inſenſible of his poor Welcome in ſo unſociable a Climate, removed his Court a little further, to *Bruſſels*.

Now for one further Obſervation upon this happy Marriage, if it were not a ſort of Superſtition, from the concurrence of any eminent Actions,

or

or Accidents, done or befaln on ſuch ticular Days, to ground any *Omens*, or Preſages of Fortune from any ſuch fou dation; otherwiſe I ſhould propoſe it to the Curious, as a thing ſtrangely remarkable, That the Prince of Orange's Wedding-Day, being the Fourth of *November*, was likewiſe his Birth-Day too; and not only ſo, but alſo the Birth-Day of his own Mother, the Princeſs Royal, *Mary*, the Daughter to King *Charles* the Firſt. Nay, if it be not too nice a Critiſcisme to add any further Remarks of this kind, 'twas on the Fourth of *November* too that afterwards, in his Expedition for *England*, he approacht the *Engliſh* Coaſt, as the Aſſertor of our Common Liberties. 'Tis true, he ſet not foot on *Engliſh* Ground till the Day following: However that may give us a Matter of Obſervation, as *Curious* as the other, *viz.* That on the Fifth of *November*, a Day ſo famous in the *Engliſh* Annals, and poſſibly as infamous in ſome other remoter Chronicles, that *England* Dates her Deliverance from Popery, Twice from the ſame DAY.

As this Courſe of her Life in her Court abroad (being indeed all little elſe but one unvaried Scene) affords us but little Matter of particular Memoirs worthy a peculiar Relation; there happened nothing of Importance or Weight, at leaſt ſuch as might make any Change in the Face of her Court, till the Death of her Royal Uncle, King *Charles* the Second. Here amongſt all the Sighs and Tears pay'd to that expiring Prince, none certainly could be a truer or heartier Mourner than the Princeſs of *Orange*. 'Tis true, his lamented Death advanced the Princeſs ſo much the nearer to a Crown. But ſo far were her Thoughts from pluming her ſelf with that gay Trifle added to her Scutcheon, that on the contrary, not only her natural and paſſionate Tenderneſs for ſo near, ſo great, and ſo honoured a Relation, but likewiſe thoſe for the Religion and Liberties of her Country, infinitely outweighed all private Conſiderations, if it were poſſible for her diminutive Ambition to have any ſuch: For Empire and Soveraignty weighed but light in her Ballance.

But as we have endeavoured to play the Divine Hiſtorian, in recounting the inimitable Vertues and Piety of this moſt excellent Lady; ſo we find her not only ſo zealous a Profeſſor, but rank'd alſo in that higher Claſs, the Champions of Religion too; witneſs her ſeveral Letters from *Holland* to her ever-darling Siſter the Princeſs *Ann* of *Denmark*; in which, to copy from her Grand-father's Original, I may truly ſay ſhe drew her own *Eicon Baſilice*, whilſt out of ſome little Fears of that too dangerous Influence,

Regis ad Exemplum,

together with the prevailing Paternal Authority of a then Crowned Head, ſhe acted that truly Chriſtian *GAMALIEL*, in thoſe ſtrenuous and labour'd Arguments in Defence of the Church of *England* againſt the Errors of *Rome*, for her Royal Highneſs's Confirmation, as were wholly beyond the common Capacity of her Sex. 'Tis true, 'twas all a Work of Supererrogation, as being addreſt to the Princeſs *Anne*, the Miſtreſs of that ſettled Reſolution, and thoſe ſteady Grounds

Grounds of Faith, as wholly unshaken as her own. Nevertheless, 'twas an innocent Tenderness of Affection, and Warmth of Zeal on the right side; and her ingenious Prosecution of so noble a Theme must stand no little Monument of her Glory.

But as mine is too unhallowed a Pen for so Divine a Theme as such transcendent Piety, and true Zeal for the Church of *England*, I shall borrow her fairer Character from a more deserving Historian, the Reverend Dr. *Lake*, her Royal Highness's sometimes Chaplain; whilst in his Preface to his *Officium Eucharisticum*, a Present truly worthy so sacred a Hand as the Princess's, he justly tells the World,

That She is become her own Theatre; every Scene of her Life is so generally known, (whilst the World is a Spectator to applaud and admire her) that it were even an unpardonable Arrogance, either to think of adding any thing to her Highness's Luster, or to

believe he need open his Reader's Eyes. The Gravity and Sweetneſs of her Miene, the Affability of all her Comportments; the Vertue, Innocence and Goodneſs of her Life; her reſolved Conſtancy in adhering to the Religion of our Church; her frequent and devout Retirements into her Cloſet; her unwearied Attendance at her Chappel and Altar, are ſufficiently obvious; that the bare Knowledg of her Highneſs has been enough to render her beloved, with the moſt profound Reſpect. And that he's encouraged to tell her, that theſe Endowments will ever more import and ſtead her than any external or worldly ones, wherewith too ſhe is abundantly provided. The Celſitude of her Deſcent only enrolls her Name in the Catalogue of the Great, *is ſecular and tranſitory, calculated for this World; but it is her Grace and Vertue that writes it in the Book of Life. Beauty is fading, Grandure is fugitive, the Wreathes of Civil Honour*

are

are withering; but her Godliness is a Crown that shall not fade away, gloriously set off with a diffusive Charity, a great Humility, and an exemplary Devotion.

But to return to our History: As we left that sleeping Prince (the much lamented *Charles* the Second) in his Tomb, and find his Brother in the Throne: When after the first fair Dawn of this new Reign (a Morning that smiled so kind and promising, even to the dispelling almost all our past Frights) the growing Day soon clouded, and our whole Hemisphere began to lowr: When Religion and Zeal (not to be too long on so unpleasing a Subject) had superseded all other Obligations of Trust, Faith, Vows, Honour, and every thing that ought to be binding or sacred; and all the fatal Consequences were but too visible; insomuch that our Religion and Liberties bore but a Melancholy Face under the black Storms above them: 'Twas then when the reviving and increasing Terrors of the Nation from their impending Calamities, call'd and invited

over the Prince of *Orange* for his relieving Hand, *&c.*

To describe the Prince's glorious Entry into *England*, so late and so fresh in all Memories, were a needless Repetition. Let it suffice that He wore the two Tablets of the Law engraven upon his Sword, RELIGION and RIGHTS, a Sword that, with so potent a Commission, and such a Cause, even unsheathed, carried all before it, whilst the Gates of Castles, Towns, Garisons, *&c.* without either Siege or Blockade, unlock'd to the very Name of *ORANGE*.

The poor unhappy King seeing his whole Power thus dropt from him, (all the too dismal Effects of his own misguided Counsels) and thereby his long flatter'd Hopes for ever defeated; whether through Blushes or Fears, or both, (I will not determine) abandon'd his deserted Crown and Kingdom; by which Vacancy of the Throne, so large a Jewel as the English Diadem, being returned into their own Hands, the Gratitude of the Nation was pleased to bestow it on the Prince and Princess of *Orange*,

Orange, made Co-Partners in the Soveraignty, the Adminiſtration lodged in the Prince; and all with thoſe univerſal Tranſports of Joy, as want not ſo poor a Trumpet as mine to ſound them.

I remember a ſhort but very emphatical Line on His Majeſty's Acceſſion to the Crown, not unworthy my Repetition on this glorious Occaſion.

NON RAPIT IMPERIUM VIS TUA, SED RECIPIT.

Which ſhall thus ſpeak Engliſh:

A Crown unſought thou foundſt; that Gem was given
By grateful Man, and by rewarding Heaven.

And now to compleat the whole Nation's impatient Deſires, there wanted only the Preſence of her Royal Highneſs, who accordingly upon a ſolemn Invitation of the Eſtates embarked for *England*, attended by a Squadron of Engliſh and Dutch Men of War, and arrived ſafely at *White-hall* on the 12*th* of *February* 1688.

to the inexpreſſible Joy of the People, having been alſo ſaluted all the way her Yatch paſſed, by the Forts and Ships in the Road, as alſo by the Tower-Guns. The ſame Day ſhe received the Complements of the whole Nobility; and the next Day Their Titles were proclaimed, only with all the Cuſtomary Formality of Proclamations of that kind, *viz.* That the Gates at *Temple-Bar* were ſhut, where the Lord-Mayor, Aldermen, Recorder and Sheriffs attended, till the Heraulds at Arms came to the Gates, and there informed the occaſion of their coming, before they were opened for their Admiſſion into the City.

On the 11*th* of *April* following was celebrated their happy Coronation; which added that fairer Glory to the Triumphs of the Day, as the Nation had conceived thoſe fairer and more than common Hopes from the Illuſtrious Royal Pair that then received the Crown. And to conclude the Ceremony by the univerſal Satisfaction that finiſh'd it, I can only ſay, if Exceſs be a Fault, there wanted even a General Pardon for the Joys of that Day.

And

And here in Relation to her Majesty's share of Glory, I must now remark, as an everlasting Trophy to her never-dying Honour, a Record that shall keep her Memory fragrant to the end of the World: That not only our Altars, the whole Church of *England* owes its Supporters and Bulwarks to Her; his now Majesty's double Alliance (through her Marriage) to the Crown of *Great Britain*, being the greatest Invitation and Encouragement to the People of *England* to call him over for their Deliverer: But likewise 'twas this Royal Conjunction in our Ascendant that has taken up the *Ballance* of *Christendom*, which the Un-British Effeminacy, Coldness and Negligence of the foregoing Reigns had so weakly, so poorly, and so unkindly let fall. The before so long Titular, and only Titular Blazon in the Royal Scutcheon of *Arbiter of Europe*, is now become (and that a Work I may say so far of her own fair Creation) a true and massy Jewel in the English Crown, whilst her propitious Marriage alone has lent this happy Kingdom that Hand and that Heart, that dare put in Execution

what his Predeceſſors made only a *Feint* and Shadow; has crown'd us that Sovereign Prince, who in the Head of an Army dares ſpeak true Engliſh again, true Royal Engliſh. A Prince, whoſe publick Benefits and Obligations to Mankind have reconciled thoſe almoſt incompatible Names, the *Proteſtant Deliverer*, and yet at the ſame time the *Romiſh Darling*; whilſt his indefatigable and active Services in Relief of the common Diſtreſſes of *Chriſtendom*, have made even the moſt rigid Royal Sons of the *Vatican Mother* both love, embrace and honour him.

The next Year after their Majeſties Coronation, his Majeſty's Perſonal Appearance being required in *Ireland* for the Reduction of that Kingdom to his Obedience, (a Work that appeared too difficult for any other Conduct but his own) the Parliament by a Statute made for that purpoſe, ſettled the Royal Adminiſtration in the Queen, to hold for ſuch time during his Majeſty's Abſence. By virtue of this Act, whenever his Majeſty's leading Sword in the common Cauſe of *Chriſtendom* has been called abroad,

abroad, and thereby the Regency devolved into the Queen's Hand; as all those times of his Majesty's Absence were ever at that active Season of the Year, as required the most vigorous and most vigilant Councils of *England*; so the Royal Helm, tho steered by a Female Hand, was never better guided, or more firmly, by the most Manly Royal Pilot. I may truly say, that as she was a second *Elizabeth* in the Church, so she was no less in the Council-Chamber.

But as highly qualified as she was for Exercise of Sovereign Power; how she affected it, I shall refer my Reader to the Reverend Dean of St. *Paul*'s his more eminent Authority, where in the Enumeration of her several other Vertues, he is pleased to leave us this Record of her.

She was the Glory of her Sex, and an Ornament to the Crown she wore, made truly Great by Nature, Birth and Education. She had a large and capacious Mind, a quick and lively Apprehension, and a piercing and solid Judg-

Judgment; ſhe had a Strength and Firmneſs of Mind beyond her Sex, and ſuch a Dexterity in managing the greateſt Affairs, as would have become the greateſt and moſt experienced Miniſters. Never was there greater Skill in Government with leſs Fondneſs for it, which ſhe could take up and lay down with the ſame Equality of Mind: Tho, I doubt, I muſt unſay that, for ſhe was always grieved at the occaſion of taking the Government, and as glad to reſign it.

Never was Majeſty better temper'd with Eaſineſs and Sweetneſs; She knew how to be familiar without making her ſelf cheap; and to condeſcend without Meanneſs: She had all the Greatneſs of Majeſty, with all the Vertues of Converſation, and knew very well what became her Table, and what became her Council-Board, &c.

In

In ſhort, her greateſt and moſt implacable Enemies (for Vertue it ſelf will meet with Enemies in the World) had no other fault to charge her with, but her Throne; which is the only thing for which moſt Princes are valuable. She aſcended the Throne indeed before ſhe deſired it, but was thruſt into it, not by an haſty Ambition, but to ſave a ſinking Church and Kingdom: And I hope England *will always have Reaſon to ſay, That an empty Throne could never have been filled with a nobler Pair.*

As the heighth of her Birth, and the depth of her Conduct and Capacity, ſo every ways ſuted to her Place and Character (her little Ambition of Power only excepted) had ſo ſignally enrich'd her for a Sovereign Head: And to all this the bountiful Riches of Nature in ſo many Perſonal Accompliſhments, had mark'd her out as well for the leading Court-Star too; yet either of theſe Claims and Prerogatives were ſo little her

her Concern, that the only Study of her Life was that Exemplary Piety, as ſhould render her the leading Vertue that ſhin'd there. For ſo free was ſhe from the leaſt Pride and Vanity, thoſe too common Taints both of Greatneſs and Beauty; that if it were poſſible for her to glory in any of her illuſtrious Perfections or Acquiſitions, it was not in the Beauties of her fair Eyes, or the Glories of her exalted Station, but thoſe of her more exalted Mind: ſo far was ſhe from being tranſported or delighted with what her Crown or her Glaſs reflected her, that on the contrary, ſhe only looked upward for the Luſtre to adorn her, and inward for the Mirror to pleaſe her.

And altho three Diadems were a very alluring Birth-right, a fair Portion of Worldly Felicity, yet ſhe had ſtill a higher Ambition: The Crown ſhe aſpired to was enrich'd with far brighter Luſtre than that of Pearls and Diamonds; and ſo little was ſhe elevated with her firſt, that ſhe waited only for her later and dearer Coronation.

But

But not only to ſurvey her in this higher Sphere of Piety and Religion, but deſcend from her Communication with Heaven, to her Converſe with Man, and deſcribe her Morals as well as Divinity: She was the kindeſt and moſt conſtant Patroneſs to her Friends. And to keep up no leſs to the great Chriſtian Maxim of returning Good for Evil; ſo ſhe was a Protectreſs even to her Enemies, whilſt many a juſt Blow from too many deſerving Heads has been ſhielded off by her interpoſing Mercy.

Then for another of her ſhining Vertues, ſhe was Charitable (if that Doctrine might hold in *our* Church) even to *Merit*. And as ſo many hundred poor Widows are now provided for mourning Attendants at her Funeral; ſo in her Life-time ſhe has made many more hundreds of them ſmile at her Gate, than thoſe are now order'd to mourn at her Hearſe; when ſo many Mouths have been fed, and Backs clothed by her Majeſty's Royal Bounty. And whilſt ſo many living Monuments of her Honour ſhall ever ſing her Praiſes; ſo the cheer-

cheerful and thankful Prayers of the Poor are of all, the loudeſt *Trumps* of *Fame*; for their Sound reaches Heaven, and makes the ſweeteſt and moſt grateful Muſick there.

Take her in all Capacities, ſhe was a *Wife* ſo tender, that all her Sex might take Pattern from: A *Princeſs* ſo gracious, that all Mankind could do no leſs than reverence: A *Miſtreſs* ſo obliging, that even the pooreſt of her Menials could not but doat upon her: And a *Companion* ſo cheerful, (where ever ſhe vouchſafed her Friendſhip and Converſation) that made all Harmony where-ever ſhe ſpoke; every thing ſmiled round her, Heaven only excepted, when it ſo early ſnatch'd her away. Yet pardon that Expreſſion, Heaven ſmiled not leſs on her, in advancing her to that brighter Crown of Glory ſhe ſo long aſpired to, and was ſo well prepared for; but on us, when we were thought unworthy the longer Bleſſings of ſuch a Princeſs.

To all her more Princely Perfections, thoſe ſuperiour Ornaments, (for we have ſtill new Subject of her Praiſes, in a yet lower

lower Claſs of Vertues) ſhe thought it no Diſgrace to wear the humbler Feminine Badg even of common Domeſtick Houſewifery, whilſt that Hand that graced a Royal Scepter, condeſcended to the poor Needle; as if ſhe reſolved to make her Life a Pattern to Womankind, as well to the Cottage as the Court; and by this particular Humility, to ſhame the Idleneſs of the higheſt and proudeſt, as well as lead and encourage it from ſo Royal an Example, even the loweſt and the meaneſt.

And now to deſcend to the humbleſt, and at leaſt the moſt neglected part of her Life, her *Diverſions*, the Hours ſhe rarely ſtole from Books or Devotion. The Theatres have ſometimes (but very rarely) prevailed, and that by Dint of Addreſs and Supplication, for the Honour of her Royal Preſence. The Muſes (for whom both her Perſon and her Life were the faireſt Scene) have now and then obtain'd the Grace of her Royal Encouragement.

And beſides the ſeveral Balls and Masks at Court upon the Anniverſaries of

of her Coronation, or thoſe of her own or his Majeſty's Birth-days, her Majeſty was twice publickly entertain'd by the City of *London*; the firſt was on the 29th of *October*, in 1689, being the Feſtival Day of Sir *Thomas Pilkington*'s Inſtalment into his Mayoralty; and the ſecond on the ſame Day in the Year 1692, the like Feſtival Triumph at Sir *John Fleet*'s Acceſſion to the Chair.

At the firſt of theſe Invitations from the City, their Majeſties, with both the High Courts of Parliament (then ſitting) with all the Chief Miniſters of State, Foreign Miniſters, their Majeſties Privy-Council, the Judges, Ladies of the Court, *&c.* beſides the Pageantry of the Day, were treated at a ſplendid and magnificent Dinner at *Guild-hall*. At the ſecond Entertainment there was much the like Splendor and Magnificence repeated, excepting that the Parliament not then ſitting, that part of their Honourable Gueſts were wanting. Both which were attended with the univerſal Shouts and Acclamations of the People, in Gratitude for the Honour the City, and the Satiſ-

Satisfaction they themſelves received from their Majeſties Royal Preſence there; both through their Entry into the City, and alſo their Return to *Whitehall*. I ſhall only recite ſome part of the Solemnity.

Upon the *Heſtings* at the upper End of the Hall (where, under a Royal Canopy of State, the Table for their Majeſties was ſeated) being erected a ſtately Structure, ſupported with noble Columns and Pillaſters of Egyptian Marble, the Baſe and Capitals of Gold, bearing a large Etableture of Silver, with Banners, Trophies, Eſcutcheons, Statues, all ſutable to the Grandure of the Royal Gueſts, and the Solemnity of their Reception; upon a large Shield was excellently painted the Poetical Story of *Perſeus* and *Andromeda*, with this Inſcription;

HUC VOLAT, HOC FUGAT,
HANC SOLVENS CU-
PIENTE POTITUR:

Thus

Thus Engliſh'd,

Hither he flew, this Monſter he deſtroy'd,

And his deer Care the grateful Nymph enjoy'd.

Under their Majeſties Effigies was written this Motto,

FIDEI STATORES:

Thus Paraphraſed,

T'*our* Faith's Defenders, *let our Homage bow:*

Thoſe Titular Names are ſolid Glories now.

Round the two middle Columns were enwreathed theſe words,

REX

REX & REGINA BEATI.

Our LION and our ROSE, the Great *and* Fair;

Live ever happy this Imperial Pair.

In a long Scroll under their Majeſties Arms was inſcribed,

IMPERIUM OCEANO FAMAM NON TERMINET ASTRIS.

Let the wide Ocean his Dominion bound;

But his loud Fame beyond the Stars reſound.

On a large Target, on which was painted the memorable Naval Victory gain'd

gain'd over the French Fleet at *La Hogue*, was under written,

EXTINCTO SOLE, VICTA INVINCIBILI.

When Power *meets* Pride, *thus Inſolence ſubdued*;

Their Sun *extinct*, Invincible *ſubdued.*

On another piece of Triumph was this Inſcription;

NASSOVIÆ NIL NON EFFICIENT MANUS.

What Glories are for NASSAU's *Arms decreed,*

His own Steel Pen ſhall write, and Ages read.

But

But now to come to the moſt mournful part of our Hiſtory.

On Thurſday the 20*th* of *December*, her Majeſty felt an Indiſpoſition, which at firſt ſhe did not think of moment enough for Application to her Phyſicians.

The Day following her Illneſs increaſing, the worthy Dr. *Millington*, and Dr. *Ratcliff* were called; and upon the growing Danger, Dr. *Brown*, Dr. *Cox*, Dr. *Gibbons*, Dr. *Robinſon*, and Dr. *Cole*, and ſome other learned Gentlemen were added to the *Conſult* of *Phyſicians*.

On Saturday the Symptoms of the *Small Pox* appeared.

At the ſame time for her Ghoſtly Phyſicians, the moſt Reverend the Biſhop of *Canterbury*, the Right Reverend the Biſhops of *Worceſter*, *Ely*, *Sarum*, and *Bath* and *Wells*, paid her their Religious Attendance.

Theſe

Theſe worthy Prelats, the ever moſt delightful Society of her Life, are now the mournful Aſſiſtants to conduct her out of it. And tho 'tis eaſily to be imagined what a more melancholy, tho Chriſtian, Office they undertook in this laſt duteous Service to their moſt gracious Royal Miſtreſs, their beſt of Friends and Patroneſſes: Yet as afflicted as they were at the too viſible Face of that *King of Terrors*, *DEATH*, that ſo imminently threatned that Sacred Life; however, on the other ſide, they could not but be as extraordinary pleaſed to find her ſo well and ſo richly prepared to receive him.

His *Grace* of *Canterbury*, who was the moſt conſtant Attendant even to her laſt Breath, was one day ask'd by her Majeſty, *What her Phyſicians Opinion of her was?* To which his Grace ingeniouſly replying to this Effect, that they deſpaired of her Recovery: Her Majeſty, wholly unſtartled, with her natural Sweetneſs, was pleaſed to anſwer in theſe words,

God be praiſed, I am provided.

That

That conſtant Tranquillity and Compoſure of Mind attended her through her whole Sickneſs, (her Preparation for Eternity being not the Work of her Death-bed) that all along ſhe expreſs'd a perfect Reſignation to the Pleaſure of Heaven; and ſeem'd to have nothing in this World, that ſhe ſhould be concern'd to part from but her dear Lord, to whom, amongſt many other affectionate and tender Expreſſions, ſhe was pleaſed to utter this kind and moſt paſſionate Wiſh, *viz.*

That his Subjects might all love him as ſhe had done.

His Majeſty during her whole Sickneſs, was that pious and conſtant Mourner over her, and ſuch his extraordinary Tenderneſs and Fondneſs, that no Perſwaſions could draw him a moment from her, whilſt he lay upon a Camp-Bed all the while by her in the ſame Room.

The Day before her Death ſhe join'd in Communion with the Reverend Biſhops,

ſhops, and took her *Viaticum* for Eternity, the *Bleſſed Sacrament.*

In fine; her Religious Deportment through her whole Sickneſs was ſuch, that her Reverend and pious Heavenly Guides found occaſion to *learn* more than *inſtruct*; inſomuch that the Biſhop of *Canterbury* was heard to ſay,

That when it pleaſed God to call him, he pray'd that he might be found ſo well prepared to die.

During her whole Sickneſs no Endeavours were wanting, if poſſible, to ſave ſo pretious a Life; but as Human Art and Care cannot fence againſt the Will and Pleaſure of Heaven, both the Phyſicians Induſtry, and the Nation's Prayers were wholly ſucceſsleſs: for on Friday the 28*th* of *December*, about One in the Morning, her attending Divines reſigned their Charge to her miniſtring Angels, at which time ſhe breathed out her Soul into the Arms of Heaven.

It was obſervable, that not the leaſt Pang of Death was ſeen in her Face, whilſt

whilſt ſhe breathed her laſt, as if ſhe had rather ſeem'd to have lain down to ſleep, than die.

If our Chriſtian Creed will allow us that Latitude of Faith, as to give Credit and Reputation to Omens and Propheticks, as the Preſages or Fore-runners to the Deaths of Royal Heads, we have ſome very ſignal Occurrences that either happened before, or about the time of the Queen's Departure, worthy ſome particular Obſervation.

For inſtance:

Firſt; His Majeſty upon his going in his Royal Robes to the Houſe of Lords for ſigning the two laſt Acts, *viz.* for the continuance of Tunnage and Poundage, and the frequent Seſſion of Parliaments, his George was ſo miſſing as not poſſible to be found, inſomuch that he was forced to borrow that of the Lord *Chamberlain*, the Earl of *Dorſet*'s, to wear on that occaſion.

Upon the Queen's firſt Indiſpoſition, the great and eldeſt Lion in the *Tower*,

who had been about twenty Years there, commonly call'd King *Charles* the Second's Lion, ſickned with her, and died the Wedneſday Night after Chriſtmas-Day, about Midnight, 48 Hours before her Majeſty; which affords us ſo much the more matter of Curioſity, as that the like happened at the Death of King *Charles* the Second, when another of thoſe Royal Beaſts much in the like manner made the ſame *Exit* with that Prince.

From *Briſtol* we have a certain Account that a Keeper of Sir *John Smith*'s Park ſhot an Eagle flying ſome very few days before the Queen's Death, being a Bird of that extraordinary Size, that her extended Wings reach'd three Yards wanting two Inches; and what adds to the Surprize and Wonder of this Relation, is, That the very ſame Keeper likewiſe ſhot another Eagle of very large Dimenſion in the Duke of *Bolton*'s Park three days before King *Charles* the Second his Death.

I dare not attempt the deſcribing the *Royal Sorrows*, thoſe of the afflicted King at

at this ſtaggering Shock. But as the Painter of old drew the Mourning *Agamemnon* vailed, the Royal Face of Grief being above his Pencil's Reach: So not daring to venture on ſo bold a Theme, I ſhall only preſume to ſay, Tho the Queen was ſo well prepared for her Death, his Majeſty was not prepared for it. And altho ſhe left the World without the leaſt expiring Pangs, by dying even in Smiles; his Majeſty, a mournful Spectator, ſtood by in little leſs than Convulſions to behold her.

The publick Addreſſes of Condolance which the two Houſes of Parliament have ſince preſented to his Majeſty on ſo deplorable a Subject, in which they were truly the Nation's Repreſentatives, (for they ſpoke but the univerſal Voice of Sorrow) have amply teſtified the ſenſible Loſs of ſo excellent a Princeſs. Nor has the City been wanting in the like melancholy Duty, having likewiſe reſolved the immediate erecting their Majeſties Statues in their Royal Exchange.

I ſhall only remark upon this National Calamity. The Learned affirm, that as in the loſs of an Eye the kind concentring optick Nerves unite and convey their double force to the other remaining Light: ſo may we live to ſee the ſame verified in the Royal ſurviving Luminary of theſe Kingdoms. And let it be no leſs the Nation's particular Care and Duty to be tender of that great ſurviving Light, becauſe 'tis our ALL.

The Solemnities of her intended Funeral (in which both Houſes of Parliament reſolve to make a part of the Mourning Cavalcade) are ſuch as,

The Body to lie in State in her Majeſty's Bed-Chamber at *White-hall*, all hung with Purple Velvet, *&c.* the ſeveral Ladies of the beſt Quality the attending Mourners there, *&c.* the Bed of State, and the Ornaments of Plumes, Banners, *&c.* the ſeveral other State-Rooms in *White-hall* likewiſe hung in Mourning, and their Majeſties Houſhold Servants planted there as Mourners, *&c.*

From

From thence the whole intended Funeral March, where His Majesties Houshold Servants, all the Judges, Serjeants at Law, Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City, but above all, both Houses of Parliament are to attend the Corps drawn by eight Horses in an open Chariot with a black Velvet Canopy, *&c.* from *White-hall* to *Henry* the Seventh's Chappel. The stately Pyramid of prodigious height designed to be erected in the middle of *Westminster*-Abbey to repose the Body in during the Funeral Sermon, *&c.* with infinite more Splendor than I can pretend to recount or describe, will be all perform'd with that Grandure and Magnificence, sutable to the passionate and highest Affection the Nation pay'd to so truly matchless a Princess.

Nor will the publick Mournings for so lamented a Sovereign Head, be confined only to three Kingdoms. The States of *Holland*, no less sensible of this common Loss, have resolved to express their universal Afflictions for their dear Princely Mistress in an extraordinary manner;

when beſides their going into a general Mourning, Orders are given, that through all the Provinces, the Bells of every Church ſhall toll three times every Day for the ſpace of an Hour, and this to be continued ſix Weeks.

But in all the wet Eyes and ſad Hearts on this deplorable Occaſion, I ſhall only add one farther Set of no leſs paſſionate, tho a lower degree of Mourners: And thoſe are the infinite Number of her poor Penſioners, and other Objects of her Royal Charity, amongſt whom, to her never-dying Honour, ſhe diſtributed near 30000 *l. per Annum*, all out of her own Revenue. Theſe, tho the pooreſt Mourners, will yet be the richeſt Tears, whilſt the occaſion that ſheds them muſt more than embalm her Memory.

To conclude, I ſhall endeavour to ſum up our Loſs by the Pen of the Reverend Dr. *Wake*:

If a Queen ſo vertuous, *that her very Example was enough to convert a Libertine, and to reform an Age:*

So

So Courteous *and ſo* Affable, *as to be the Wonder and Delight of All that knew Her: So great a Lover of her* Country, *and the* Intereſts *of it, as to be willing to hazard what, next her Conſcience, ſhe the moſt valued, her good Name, and good Opinion in the World, for the Preſervation of them: So* firm *and* conſtant *in her Mind, as not to have ever known, no not in Death it ſelf, what it was to* fear: *So* happy *in* Buſineſs, *as to aſtoniſh rather than ſatisfy, thoſe who were the beſt verſed in it. I ſay, that to have been deprived of ſuch a Queen as this, and that at ſuch an Age, when our Expectations were at the higheſt from her, be a Loſs above the power of Words to expreſs, then ſuch is our Loſs: The Greatneſs of which we are ſo far from being able ſufficiently to declare, that we cannot yet make an Eſtimate of it.*

I ſhall only add, Though the Great *WILLIAM*, through the Bleſſing of Heaven, lives to preſerve us the LION, Supporter of the Engliſh Scutcheon; yet in the Perſon of our Deceaſed Queen, I may truly affirm, we have loſt the Royal ROSE of *England*.

Thre-

Threnodium Britannicum,

TO THE

Sacred Memory

Of that Moſt Excellent

PRINCESS;

MARY the Second, &c.

THE Great Inexorable *ſeals his Ears,*
Deaf to our Cries, unmelted by our Tears.
Th' irrevocable poſting Mandate *flies,*
Torn from Three Kingdoms *graſping Arms,* She dies.

Among ſt

Amongſt his furrough'd Cheeks and Heads of Snow,

Knees that ev'n bent half way to meet the Blow;

Had not the Tyrant *Work enough for Graves*

In all that Legion of his Hoary Slaves!

But all this Pride of Youth, *the* flowry Bloom

Of thouſand thouſand Sweets *(too partial Doom!)*

So fair our Hopes, ſo bright our Mid-day *Sun,*

Has her whole finiſh'd Race of Glory *run.*

Oh thou Eternal Foe * of Beauty, *Thou*

Who to the ſmooth ſoft Cheek, and lovely Brow,

With

* The Small Pox.

With all the ſharpeſt Teeth of Malice ſteel'd,

Plough'ſt up the Lilly *and the* Roſy *Field;*

Was't not enough, enough thy Spite conſpires,

'Gainſt that Fair Form *to arm thy* ſpotted Fires!

Againſt her Life! *Her precious Life t'invade,*

What Tyranny have thoſe dread Ruines *play'd?*

Hadſt thou a keener Shaft, or Bloodier Dart,

Levell'd at ſweet MARIA's *tender Heart;*

Then all the louder Bolts of Fate *before,*

Againſt her dear lov'd LORD *durſt ever pour!*

Wars Thunder, *and the Cannon's* fiery Breath,

And Balls of Iron *wrapt in Smoak and Death,*

Aw'd and aſham'd that Life forbore to ſpill;

There Bullets graz'd; *but here thy* Rage *muſt* kill.

But now to ſum the Tears this Blow *muſt coſt,*

And weigh the ſhining Maſs *that we have loſt:*

Vertues *ſo infinite! to what vaſt 'count*

Muſt that rich Caskets *number'd* Treaſures *mount!*

Each Spark of Heav'n *which that* fair Soul *array'd,*

By Pens unreach'd, and Pencils undiſplay'd!

For

For, O, ſo thick the cluſter'd Glories *lay,*
Thy Conſtellation *was the* Milky Way.

Such vaſt Attractions *to our dazled view*
That Duty, and uncommon Homage drew:
The bended Knees that almoſt block'd her way,
And all the proſtrate Hearts before her lay,
Warm'd with ſuch Charms *that* Veneration *felt,*
Till they miſtook the QUEEN, and to the SAINT they knelt.

Too excellently Good, *Heaven's unkind* Call,
In thy bright flaming Chariot *ſnatch'd thee ALL:*
Thou hadſt, alas! no ſpirited Mantle *fall.*

Yet

Let thouſands, who thy Vertues ſhall admire,

(What can ſuch Piety *leſs than inſpire!)*

Converſions *by ſuch* leading Wonders *wrought,*

All Pupils by that fair GAMALIEL *taught,*

Their following Steps, dear Angel Guide, *'tis true,*

Shall thy bright Track of Endleſs Light *purſue:*

But never, never reach thy ſwifter Pace,

But lag far ſhort of thy prodigious Race.

When ſo much Piety in Duſt lies down,

Mourn equally the Mitre *and the* Crown.

Scepters *and broken* Croſiers *in each Hand,*

At once the Moſes Rod *and* Aaron's Wand.

In

In ſuch unmatch'd Perfections *we poſſeſt*
The PHENIX *only, not the* Phenix Neſt;
Of that Divine Original *bereft,*
The envying Heav'ns have no kind Copy *left.*

From that fair Tree of Life, *no* Scyens *ſhoot;*
No living Branches *from that dying* Root.

Had Providence vouchſaf'd us but an Heir,
From the rich Veins of that Imperial Pair;
Some lovely Stamp from thy own Angel-Mould,
As might thoſe tranſmigrated Vertues *hold;*

Tho

Tho not our Grief, *yet our* Deſpair *to ſave,*

And make the Cradle *ev'n defeat the* Grave,

Then fair Britannia's *Sighs, a Work once done,*

Had hop'd t' have ſeen their finiſh'd Circle *run:*

But this dire Loſs brings an Entail *of Woe,*

And ev'n Poſterity *ſhall wail this Blow.*

To ward the Shock this fatal Stroke *has given;*

O that 'twere poſſible to have brib'd Heav'n,

Either t'have lengthen'd out thy ſmiling Reign,

Or elſe have ſhorten'd our too killing Pain.

Longer

*Longer t'*enjoy, *or not ſo long* deplore,
We lov'd *Thee leſs, or had* deſerv'd *Thee more!*

But have Death's gloomy Shades, a long long Night,
Shut from our Eyes that ever ſetting Light!
Set, did I ſay! no, when ſuch Beauty *dies*
The Grave is but th' Eclipſe *to thoſe* fair Eyes.
The interpoſing Duſt, that Earthy Skreen,
Has only vail'd *our lovely* Albion Queen.
And when the laſt Great Trump *ſhall ſound ſo loud,*
To eaſe thoſe lab'ring Lights, *and burſt their Cloud:*
When thoſe fair Twins, *their* dark'ning Earth *remove,*
They'll ſmile in endleſs Joys, *and endleſs* Love.

Her

Her fair Seraphick MIND *already crown'd,*

Waiting and longing moves her Starry Round,

Till the dear ſleeping Half *ſhe left behind,*

Thoſe bright Co-heirs *of Deathleſs* Glory *join'd,*

(Her finiſh'd Rites) a larger Wreath Divine

The conſummated *Saints rich Brow ſhall twine.*

But now if any of the Nine, *ſo bold,*

(For the whole Scene of Fate muſt all unfold)

Dares draw the Curtains of the dying Fair,

And tell the World the mournful Story there:

Here

Here if diſorder'd Sighs, a broken Start,
The Fears and Tremblings of an aking Heart;
If theſe ſad Objects thou expect'ſt to have,
The common Terrors *of th' approaching* Grave,
Thou muſt look round her for that ſight alone;
Thou'lt read 'em in All Faces but Her own.
But there, there all Celeſtial Harmony,
That chearful Air, ſo all in tune *to die,*
Tir'd with the empty Droſs ſhe leaves behind,
And rapt up in the Joys *ſhe goes to find,*
Not the expecting Bride *more ſweetly lies.*
Thou'lt find her half in Heav'n *before ſhe dies.*

Thoſe

Thoſe lovely Graces *ſure were all at ſtrife*

To make her Death *as charming as her* Life.

But when (the fatal Minute come) too weak

Her yielding Heart's laſt Strings of Life muſt break;

So calm *her* Brow, *that eaſy parting Breath,*

No ruffling Pang *unſmooths that* Face *of Death:*

Thus huſh'd in Smiles *laid down to* endleſs Reſt,

Her dying Bed *a perfect* Halcion Neſt.

Her Looks *like her* fair Soul *ſerene appear;*

Peace ſent to Peace *is all Death's Buſineſs here.*

Death

Death ſure with his own Shaft ne're pierc'd that Heart;

But borrow'd from ſoft Love *his* Golden Dart.

Thus lull'd to Reſt thy peaceful Requiem *take:*

But when thou goeſt to ſleep, Thou bidſt Us wake.

Thoſe fair ſeal'd Eyes *meet their long ſweet Repoſe,*

Whilſt our's, alas, are too brim full to cloſe.

From this ſad Scene, my Muſe, *turn thy wet Eyes*

To a new Proſpect, her Great Exequies;

The Funeral Pomp *muſt her laſt Rites conclude,*

The Publick Debt *of* Grief *and* Gratitude.

Here

Here the fair Britain's CORONETS, *and You*
Her Great Five Hundred, *all the Sons of Woe,*
Thoſe Repreſenting Heads *in Night and Shade*
March, her whole Albion *in one* Cavalcade.

And thou RICH HEARSE *with all thy* Glories *ſpread,*
To bear the Fair Remains *of this* GREAT DEAD;
Drive heavily thy ſable Chariot, *ſtrong*
Thy rolling Wheels; *for, O, thou drag'ſt along*
Three wailing Nations, *whilſt thy Paſſage lies,*
Through thouſand bleeding Hearts, and drowning Eyes.

And

And thou proud Minſter, *thou, who*
not alone
Beholdſt her Setting, once her Riſing-Sun:
Sawſt the Rich Drops, *and circling*
wreath of Gold,
Thoſe ſhining, but now ſhaded Brows
enfold.
To crown the State her Funeral Pomp
ſhall bear,
Call down thy Patron, thy Great Peter *there.*
By his own Hand th' unfolded Portal
ſpread,
For the Reception of this Royal Dead,
Beyond this laſt dear Charge *he has no*
more;
His Brighter Gates *he had open'd her*
before.

And thou Illuſtrious Pyramid *ſhalt*
ſtand,
Erected by Britannia's *pious Hand,*
T' enrich the proud Magnificence of Woe,
And hold the hallow'd Sweets that ſleep
below,
If made of melting Marble-mould thou be
Join in her Tears, and weep as well as ſhe.

And thou Sev'nth Henry's *ever ſa-*
cred Pile
Where Royal Heads from Empires Care
and Toile,
In their laſt Reſting-bed of Duſt lay
down
The Load of Pow'r, *and Burthen of a*
Crown:

To

To this Imperial welcom'd Gueſt unfold
Thy Gates of Braſs, or burniſh them with
Gold.
Round thy gay Roof a thouſand Lamps
ſhall burn
All fun'ral Tapers to this Royal Urn:
Join all your Lights to grace a Pomp ſo
fair;
Her own all blazing Fame *the brighteſt*
there.
Odours and burning Sweets our Senſes
feaſt,
The richeſt Compounds of her ſpicy Neſt;
Whilſt Aromatick *ſmoking Clouds a-*
round,
With their rich falling Dew ſcent all the
hallow'd Ground,

And to all these her sweeter Memory,
With that ascending Fragrance mount so high:
Those but her Tomb, but this perfume the vaulted Sky.

And proud Augusta, *in thy Royal* Byrse,
Pay thy last Rites to dear MARIA's *Herse;*
The Royal Pair, by some Apelles *hand,*
In monumental Scepter'd Marble stand.
WILLIAM *and* MARY *thy great Tutelar Pow'rs,*
The Guardians of thy Walls, and Genii *of thy Tow'rs,*
Let those rich Shrines no common Homage share:

Thou

Thou holdst thy Troynovant's Palladi-
um *there.*

And you once Royal * Plants, *her lit-*
tle Grove,
Twixt Heav'ns *and* William's *dear di-*
vided Love,
Her contemplating Walk, close by whose side,
Did the pleas'd Thames *his silver Cur-*
rents glide;
Proud that his swelling Tide so high
cou'd rise
To be the Mirrour *to those* Smiling
Eyes;
Break all your Urns; root up your flow-
ry Beds,

* Her Majesty's *Terras Garden* at the *Privy-Stairs.*

No verdant Greens, where thoſe, now drooping heads
The Pink *and* Roſe, *and ſweeter* Jas'mine *grew,*
Plant the ſad Cypreſs, *and the rueful* Yew.

And thou great Viceroy *of the floating* Thrones
The Watry God, *and all thy* Triton *Sons,*
Who, ſcarce ſeven circling Planets of the Year,
That glorious Yeſterday *in our bright Sphere,*
Boreſt thy proud Miſtriſs *o're her* Vaſſal Main

The

The Waves her dancing, thoſe her ſinging
Train,
Now break your vocal Shells *thoſe*
Trumps-Marine,
And drown your Eyes in more than Ocean
Brine.
Bid the commiſſion'd Seas *our Loſs de-*
plore,
And waft our Sighs *to the World's ut-*
moſt Shoar.

If this ſad face the Publick Sorrow
bears,
What are her Royal Cloſet-Mourner's
Tears.
Thoſe delug'd Eyes for his dear darling
Queen,

That

That more than diſmal Scene--- But be't
unſeen.
No opening, no unhallow'd hand dare
draw
The widow'd Curtains *of her Lov'd*
NASSAU.
Deſpair, Death, Horrour! *Oh, be ſtrong*
great Heart,
Thou'ſt now to play thy mightieſt Hero's
part.
Yes, Great Naſſau, *the* Parting-Call
was giv'n:
(*Too dire* Divorce!) *Thy happier* Ri-
val *Heav'n*
T' its own Embrace has ſnatch that dar-
ling Fair,
Tranſlated to Immortal Spouſals *there.*

But

But must this narrow Isle *the Sorrows bound,*

Only to move the sad Britannick *round.*

Albion *is here a* Mourner, *but in* chief;

Hers is a whole Confed'racy *of* Grief.

All the fair Austrian Eagles *hang their Wings,*

Nay the whole Europe *her sad* Tribute *brings.*

But in the Hecatombs *pay'd to that Urn,*

What Incense must the mourning Belgia *burn.*

To what vast Height thy flowing Sorrows swell,

A whole long Lent * *for thy sad* Funeral Knell.

---

* Their Bells ordered to Tole six Weeks together.

Beneath

Beneath this Stroke thy fainting Courage
ſtoops,
The Belgick *with the* Britiſh *LION*
droops.

But when ſuch dazling Excellence *muſt*
dye,
What's all our empty Funeral Pageantry?
Can unbraced Drums, *or* broken Trum-
pets *ſound,*
And duſty Standards *trail'd upon the*
ground,
Thy Rites perform! No, thy rich Herſe
t' attend
To mourn ſuch PIETY, Temple Veils
ſhall rend.

Ev'n

Ev'n widow'd Altars *ſhall thy Loſs be-*
moan,
And untun'd Sphears *thy Funeral Dir-*
ges groan.

Albion *to pay, what here her Sor-*
rows owe,
Her Tears muſt, like her Ocean, *round*
her flow.
Her ever open'd Founts muſt pour thoſe
ſtreams
Of Grief for Thee, like her own flowing
Thames;
To the vaſt Deep the ſliding Currents
born,
And waſted back in ſwelling Tides *re-*
turn.

Nor

Nor Albion's *Tears alone, ev'n* Albion's *Foes:*

The very Lillies droop for ſuch a ROSE.

The Viper's Tooth unedg'd to hurt that Fair,

Ev'n Gallick *ſpight has loſt its* Poiſon *there.*

Well, if th' empov'riſht World muſt yield to Fate,

Thy Loſs too early, but deplor'd too late.

Go then to the Bright Region *of the* Bleſt,

Tes mount fair Saint, *but come no* Stranger-Gueſt.

The Heaven-crown'd *Heads their* Royal-partner *meet,*

And Angel-Trains *the welcom'd* Angel *greet.*

To the Seraphick-Songs *thou add'ſt no more,*

Thy Life *was tun'd to that* High Quire *before.*

FINIS.